

## Cold Shower Tuesdays

Bowling For Soup

Her finger traced I love you  
In the palm of my hand  
That's still the only time  
My belly's ever hit the floor like that

Your feet in my lap  
We drove the past  
Knowing we would turn around again

Tell her I'm not sorry  
Mention my Ferrari  
Just don't tell her that  
I miss her  
She wanted in  
I wanted out  
And that's the last thing we talked about

Remember how our hands matched  
Love lines, same size  
I guess I should have checked  
To see the lifelines were in line

I called on the phone  
You still felt alone  
And talked about the songs that made you cry

Tell her I'm not sorry  
Mention my Ferrari  
Just don't tell her that  
I miss her  
She wanted in  
I wanted out  
And that's the last thing we talked about

Campfire cookies  
And John Hughes movies  
Jr. mints & cold shower Tuesdays  
November shivers and rearview mirrors  
And the little things like that

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Mention my Ferrari  
Just don't tell her that  
I miss her  
She wanted in  
I wanted out  
And that's the last thing we talked about